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The Old Letter.

Only a yellow old letter
In a woman's delicate hand,
With just a faint hint of perfume,
Why I keep it you don't understand.

We were lovers once, but we quarreled—
Pride against pride you know;
It is simply the same old story,
And it happened years ago.

It is quite a thing of the past,
She is somebody else's wife,
While I—I can smile at the passion
Whose rapture once thrilled my life.

Quite a thing of the past—and yet
As with dream-troubled eyes I stand
Idly scanning this yellow old letter
In a woman's delicate hand.

Drifts from me the loveless present,
And I almost think I can trace
In the faded lines of a letter
My old love's beautiful face.

And I know in my heart of hearts,
Just as lightly as I may,
That life has nothing to give me
Half as dear as that long ago day.

THE POPE AND THE CONJURER.

When Torrini, the magician, had been giving exhibitions in the principal Italian cities, at the beginning of the present century, he decided to go to Rome, in the hope that the patronage of his Holiness the Pope would give *eclat* to his reputation. In this he was not disappointed. Pius VII., who was then the reigning Pontiff, having heard of his performances, did him the honor to command his attendance at the Vatican. Being informed that his audience at this exhibition would comprise all the dignitaries of the Church, the magician devoted unusual care to the selection of his tricks; but, after fixing on his best ones, vanity racked his brain to invent something worthy of his illustrious spectators.

While he was thus perplexed, chance threw in his way the means of accomplishing his object. Happening to be in the shop of one of the best watch makers in Rome the day before that fixed for the performance, he heard a lackey, in rich scarlet livery, who had just came in, ask if his Eminence, the Cardinal de ——'s watch was repaired.

"It will not be ready till this evening," replied the watch-maker, "and I will do myself the honor of personally carrying it to your master."

After the servant had gone, the tradesman said to Torrini:

"This is a superb watch. His Eminence, the Cardinal, to whom it belongs, values it at more than 10,000 francs; for, as it was made to his order by the celebrated Breguet, he naturally supposes it to be unique of its kind. Curiously enough, however, it is only two days ago that a young fellow belonging to this city offered me a precisely similar watch, made by the same artist, for 1,000 francs."

These words made an impression on Torrini, who, having formed a plan of operations, said to the watch-maker.

"Do you think this person is still desirous to dispose of his watch?"

"I have no doubt of it," was the reply. "He is a young prodigal, who, having spent all his fortune, is now obliged to sell his family jewels, and will be very glad to obtain a thousand francs."

"But can he be found?"

"Easily enough—in a gaming-house, where he passes all his time."

"Well," said the magician, "I wish to procure the watch, but cannot wait longer than to-day. Please buy it for me as soon as possible, and engrave on it his Eminence's arms, so that there shall be a precise resemblance between the two watches, and your profit shall be proportioned to the discretion with which you conduct the transaction."

The watch-maker, who knew Torrini, probably suspected his object in seeking possession of the watch, but being aware that the magician's discreet management would be assured by its necessity to his success, had no hesitation in complying with his request.

"It will only take a quarter of an hour to go to the gaming-house, and I am confident of being able to procure it for you."

In less than the time named the dealer came back with the chronometer in his hand.

"Here it is!" he exclaimed, with an air of triumph. "My man welcomed me as a providential visitor, and was so eager to dispose of the watch that he gave it to me without counting the money. Everything shall be ready for you to-night."

That evening the watch-maker brought two chronometers to Torrini, who, after a careful comparison, was unable to detect any difference between them. The magician now felt confident of making a decided hit with his trick, the preparations for which were already expensive.

The next day he went to the Pontiff's palace, and at a signal given by his Holiness came upon the stage. Though Torrini had appeared before crowned heads, he had never been in the presence of such an august assembly. In the foreground sat Pius VII. himself, in a large arm-chair, on a dais, while near him were seated the Cardinals, and behind them were the prelates and dignitaries of the Church. The nervousness that the performer naturally experienced in the presence of such exalted personages was allayed by the benevolent expression on the face of the Pope. Reassured by his kindly glances, Torrini commenced:

"Holy Father," he said, bowing respectfully, "I am about to show you some experiments to which the name of 'white magic' has been most unjustly given. This title was given by charlatans to impress the multitude, but it only signifies a collection of clever deceptions, ingeniously contrived to amuse the imagination.

Pleased with the favorable reception of his address, Torrini commenced his performances in excellent spirits, which were increased by the flattering compliments of the Pope. In one of his tricks—that of the burnt writing, which consists of a sentence or two written by one of the company, who, after burning the paper, discovers it intact in a sealed envelope—he had the satisfaction of procuring an autograph from his Holiness. On being solicited to write a sentence Pius VII. indited the following:

"I have much pleasure in stating that Signor Torrini is an admirable sorcerer."

The paper was burned, and the skill with which it was made to appear in a sealed envelope was appreciated by the Pope, who gave the conjuror permission to keep his autograph. It was now time to end the performance with the trick which the artist had invented for the occasion, to crown his other exploits. Among the difficulties that he had to contend with, the greatest was to obtain the Cardinal's watch without directly asking him for it. To overcome this he had recourse to a *ruse*. Requesting the loan of a watch from the company, several were handed to him, which he returned, with the excuse, not without truth, that none of them had any peculiarity of shape that would make it easy to identify the one selected. He then said:

"If any gentleman among you has a watch of rather large size (this was the peculiarity of the Cardinal's) he will confer a great favor by lending it to me, as it will greatly facilitate my experiment. I need not say that I will be extremely careful of it. My object is to prove its superiority, if it has any, and, if not, to wonderfully improve it."

All eyes were now turned on the Cardinal, who, as is well known, prized his chronometer on account of its unusual size; the large cases, as he said, allowing the works to act more freely. He hesitated, however, to part with his treasure, till Pius VII. said to him:

"Cardinal, I fancy your watch will suit exactly; oblige me by handing it to Signor Torrini."

His Eminence complied, though not without numerous precautions. When the watch was handed to him, Torrini assumed to be absorbed in admiration of the works and beautiful chasing, to which he drew the attention of the Pope and the Cardinals. He then asked the owner some questions which elicited the high estimation in which the Cardinal held his chronometer, which had been made to his order by the celebrated Breguet. The enthusiasm of his Eminence amused the Pope, who looked on attentively as Torrini, after saying that he should prove the solidity and excellent qualities of the watch, suddenly let it fall to the ground. Everybody was amazed at the boldness of this act, and the Cardinal, unable to restrain his indignation, vehemently exclaimed:

"You are playing a very sorry jest, sir."

"But, monseigneur," calmly replied the magician, "there is no cause for alarm. I only wish to prove to these gentlemen the perfection of your watch, and you may rest assured that it will not be injured by the trials to which I shall subject it."

With these words, he stamped on the case, crushing it into a shapeless mass. This act still further excited the ire of the Cardinal; but the Pope, who took a more sensible view of the matter, turned to him and said:

"Come, Cardinal, have you no confidence in our sorcerer? For my part, I laugh like a child at it, being convinced there has been some clever substitution."

Torrini, who was delighted with the success of his trick, assured his Holiness that there had been no substitution, and appealed to the Cardinal for identification of his watch. The latter, after examining the shapeless fragments, and finding his arms engraved inside the case, acknowledged that it was indeed his beloved chronometer, and added, in a stern voice:

"I do not see how you can escape, sir; you should have tried your dangerous experiment on some object that could be replaced, instead of a unique watch like mine."

The magician, after declaring that this circumstance gave him additional satisfaction, as it enhanced the credit of his performance, asked the Cardinal's permission to proceed. But the latter said, that as he had not been consulted in the destruction of the watch, he did not care what became of its fragments.

Having established the identity of the Cardinal's chronometer, Torrini's next object was, to pass into the Pope's pocket the one he had bought the previous evening. As this could not easily be done while his Holiness remained seated, the magician hit upon a pretext to make him rise. Placing a brass mortar, with an enormous pestle, upon the table, he threw in the fragments of the watch, and began pounding furiously. Suddenly a slight detonation was heard; a lurid flame shot up from the vessel, into which Torrini gazed with an expression of profound astonishment. Respect for the Pope prevented the audience from rising; but his Holiness, curious to see the cause of the conjurer's interest, approached the table and looked into the mortar.

"I do not know," he said, "whether it is because the light dazzles my eyes, but I can distinguish nothing."

Torrini then begged him to come round the table and choose a more favorable point of observation, and, as he moved, dextrously slipped the reserve watch into his pocket. The Cardinal's chronometer had now been reduced to a small ingot. Holding it up before the spectators, the magician said:

"I will now restore this crude mass to its original shape, and the transformation shall take place during its passage to the pocket of a person who cannot be suspected of complicity."

"Ah!" said the Pope, with an expression of jocular incredulity, "that is promising a good deal. What should you do if I asked you to select my pocket?"

"The orders of your Holiness shall be obeyed," said Torrini, who, on receiving an assenting signal from the Pope, took the ingot in his fingers, showed it to the company, and uttered the word "Pass!" when it instantly disappeared. Pius VII., with an incredulous expression of countenance, put his hand into his pocket. He had hardly done so when he showed signs of confusion, and, drawing his hand out, brought with it the watch, which he quickly passed to the Cardinal, as if afraid of burning his fingers.

There was great astonishment among the dignitaries of the church when his Eminence, on examining the watch, declared it was the very one that had been made for him by Breguet, and which they had seen crushed to pieces by the conjurer. The mystery was increased when Torrini declared that he had fulfilled his promise, and had only tested the superiority of the chronometer.

The next day the Pope sent him a rich diamond snuff-box, with thanks for the pleasure his performance had afforded. His fame was now at its height. Attracted by the news of his wonderful exhibition, crowds flocked to see the magician who had accomplished such marvels. They did not, however, have the gratification of witnessing the famous trick of the "broken watch," for the expense of undertaking an experiment which could never again be repeated under such favorable auspices, would be warranted only by the circumstances which originally brought together the Pope and the conjurer.—*Appleton's Journal.*

Personal.

WENDELL PHILLIPS proposes to review Mr. Froude.

H. B. CLAFLIN, who for years has resided in Brooklyn in a very modest mansion, is rearing a very elegant house on the Heights, to cost $200,000.

OSBORN P. ANDRESSON, who is now sick of consumption, and suffering from want, at Washington, D. C., is said to be the last survivor of the John Brown raid.

TEJADA bids fair to bring order out of Mexico. But we must not be too sanguine. Nero manifested great mildness and wisdom for the first two years of his reign.

ST. LOUIS had him this time: Name, Hotchin; occupation, physician; age, one hundred and forty; cause of death, small-pox. Oldest Freemason; no spectacles; constant voter from his youth up.

MARRYAT, the great sea novelest, was a captain in the navy, and was, himself, the actor in many of the sensational scenes which he attributes to fictitions personages. One of his works realized the large sum of $100,000.

MRS. STANTON says that the American men are the noblest and handsomest of any country she has ever visited, and if the girls would cultivate their minds and learn to work with their hands, that they, too, would be more beautiful and marriageable.

WM. H. CRAFT, of Keeseville, N. Y., has performed the feat of walking 120 miles in 100 hours without sleep, which he accomplished at Moriah, N. Y., recently. After accomplishing the task he walked an extra mile in 9 minutes and 15 seconds.

CONSIDERABLE curiosity exists in New York as to the authorship of the Beecher-Tilton libel. Mrs. Woodhull, her sister, and Col. Blood each swore before the Court that neither of them wrote the article. It is now said that the authorship has been traced to a most unexpected source, and that positive proof will be brought out as to the writer of the libel in a few days.

GEN. JOHN A. DIX, Governor elect of New York, is comptroller of the corporation of Trinity Church. He has had the arduous duty of supervising the rental of the church property, which is valued at $60,000,000. All bills against the corporation have passed through his hands, and the wardens and vestrymen are now endeavoring to induce him to retain the office after he goes to Albany.

ONE of the noteworthy men in the new Congress will be Hon. Wm. Crutchfield, of the Third District of Tennessee. Crutchfield is the man who, listening to Jeff. Davis' speech at Chattanooga in 1861, when he was on his way from the United States Senate to the Presidential chair of the Southern Confederacy, denounced Davis as a traitor and liar. Davis moving to resent the insult, Crutchfield drew a revolver, and, it is said, that but for the prompt interference of the bystanders, would have killed him.

A Labor-Saving Item.

Many ladies prefer to attend to the more delicate parts of cookery themselves, as the pie and cake-baking, etc.; they have a natural fondness for it, or they feel that it is well for them to take exercises of this kind. But what an unintentional disturbance they sometimes make in poor Bridget's dominions! Of course it is the part of a well-trained domestic to run at her mistress' beck and call to supply all her needs, to "clean up after her," and to make no remarks; but, on the other hand, every lady should do her work as neatly and with as little disturbance of kitchen routine as possible. It is a mistake, for instance, to suppose that each distinct operation in cake-making, to be neatly done, requires the use of a separate utensil. Here are sugar, flour, butter, and milk to be measured, eggs to be beaten, and soda to be dissolved. One cup may be used first for sugar and flour, as they are both dry, and afterward for the butter and milk. Soda may be dissolved in the bowl in which the eggs are beaten, after the eggs have been added to the cake. When all is finished it will be found that very few dishes have been soiled. This is of course a small item, but it "tells in the long run."

Management of Sheep.

The inquiry is often made of me how I manage my sheep to obtain so large a yield of wool from year to year. Some say, "you must feed a large amount of grain;" and when I tell them that I feed no grain to my sheep in the last three or four years, they seemed surprised; but such is the fact. If grain is fed, corn is best, and should be fed in the months of November and December, assisting nature (the animal) in its efforts to clothe itself with a heavy warm coat preparatory for winter. It is in these months that wool grows the fastest for the reason above stated.

My sheep are pure bred Spanish Merinos, and I raise no ticks. A sheep that is infested with ticks cannot produce a heavy fleece of wool. A sure and cheap preventive is to feed once in two weeks one twentieth part of sulphur with their salt; it not only prevents ticks, but also the various skin diseases.—*Monroe (Mich) News.*

How the World Will End—A Fearful Look Ahead.

Planets are continually integrating diffused materials which they encounter in their progress through space, and it has been estimated that the earth adds to itself nearly one hundred and fifty billions of such meteoric particles every year. Secondly, it has been proved that every planet must be slowly losing a part of its molar motion of gravitation. The effect of tidal waves, which are caused by the gravitation of liquid toward other planetary bodies, is to retard diurnal rotation; and, in fact, the terrestrial day is lengthened by reason of the friction of the tides, and is destined in the remote future to give about 485 hours between sunrise and sunset.

The earth is also losing molecular motion by radiation. That some terrestrial heat is lost without compensation—and very slowly, of course—can hardly be doubted; and for the state of things thus untimely to be produced we may find a parallel in the present condition of the moon. That appears to afford an example of the universal death which in an inconceivably distant future awaits the entire solar system. If along with the dissipation of the molar and molecular motions the planets are also losing angular velocity, this loss of motion will ultimately result in their integration with the sun. Of two facts which bear upon the subject, one (familiar to all students of science) is the observed retardation of Encke's comet by the resistance of the medium through which it moves.

The other, which, so far as I know, has not hitherto been mentioned, is that all the planets are nearer the sun than they ought to be, according to Bode's law, the variation being most conspicuous, as might be expected, in the case of Neptune. It is at least worthy of notice that the discrepancy is such as might have been caused by a slow diminution of the angular velocities of the planets. Another fact, that the interplanetary spaces are filled with matter, and that, consequently, all planetary bodies rushing through them must meet with resistance and lose momentum, proves that immense momentum will be eaten up by the resisting force.

This loss of tagential momentum must bring all the planets into the sun. As the the planet slowly draws near the sun its lost tangential momentum is replaced, and somewhat more than replaced, by the added velocity due to the increased gravitative force exerted by the sun at the shorter distance. At the last the planet must strike the sun with tremendous force. The heat generated by the earth and the sun alone in such a collision would suffice to produce a temperature of nearly 5,000,000 degrees centigrade. Of course disintegration would immediately follow, and the next stage is the dissipation of the whole into a nebula.—*Prof. John Fiske.*

Gigglers.

A happy disposition is more to be esteemed than great riches, while a hearty laugh is good for the health; but there is a vast difference between an agreeable gayety of spirit and a chronic state to giggle, with which some people are affected.

They laugh in church, snicker at the mishaps of others, giggle at funerals, and te-he over their own most commonplace remarks. Such falsome merriment impresses no sensible person favorably, but seems flat and silly. A joke or witticism, worth laughing at, does not transpire every five minutes of one's natural life. It is very queer that embarrassments set some people giggling. They become red in the face, stammer, make an awkward move, and then begin a nervous laugh. Self-possession, and the habit of seeing good society, gradually eradicates all such absurdity, but it requires years for many a clever cultured person to attain a complete composure and repose of manner in the presence of strangers.

Girls are apt to be great gigglers at sixteen. The sky over their little world is rose tinted by their imagination, and troubles pass away like thistledown in the wind.

Happiness and pleasure yield full measures of joyful anticipations and realization, so why should not sixteen be a laughing age?

The difference between a constant giggle and a real laugh is, that the latter must be intermittent, and afford at least a little time for serious thought and work.

All nonsense with no variety of earnestness is not beneficial to any one.

There are times when merriment is so ill-timed and out of place, that it becomes absolutely disagreeable.

A giggle at the expense of the feelings of others belongs in the category of meanness.

Laugh when there is anything to laugh at, but at any age or season avoid being a giggler.

Brussels Lace.

It is easy to understand why Brussels lace is so costly, when we reflect that the finest specimens of it is so complicated as to require the labor of seven persons on one piece, and each operative is employed at distinct features of the work. The thread used is of exquisite fineness, which is spun in dark, underground rooms, where it is sufficiently moist to prevent the thread from separating. It is so delicate as scarcely to be seen, and the room is so arranged that the light admitted shall fall upon the work. It is such material that it renders the genuine Brussels ground so costly. On a piece of Valenciennes not two inches wide, from two hundred to three hundred bibbins are sometimes used; and for a larger with as many as eight hundred on the same piece.

MARK TWAIN writes to the London *Times:* "I desire to say to those societies in London and other cities of Great Britain, under whose auspices I have partly promised to lecture, that I am called home by a cable telegram. I shall spend, with my family, the greatest part of next year here, and may be able to lecture a month during the autumn upon such scientific topics as I know least about, and may consequently feel least trammeled in dilating upon."

The Fashions.

FOR THE LADIES.

A newly imported fabric is black silk, brocade with velvet, price $16 per yard.

The "Sheffield" handkerchief is a half handkerchief of silk trimmed with fringe. It is worn close about the neck.

Ear-rings are large and heavy, the designs still being large hoops.

Gold trimming for black dresses is a late Parisian novelty.

The long-worn sacques for breakfast jackets have given way to navy blue blouse waists, with wide rolling collar.

Wide-band bracelets are worn outside of the long gloves for evening wear.

A small cape, with narrow pointed hood attached, is worn over the wraps while riding. This is made of navy blue cloth with gold trimmings. The hood serves as a protection to the back of the neck and ears, and also to the hat or bonnet in case of a storm.

Sleeveless basques of velvet, satin and silk are pretty and stylish.

Small neck scarfs of camel's hair are seen. Price $50.

Satin trimmings are among "the things that were."

A black velvet basque can be transformed into the most stylish of street garments by ornamenting it with silk braiding, and adding a cape richly embroidered and trimmed with lace.

Plaid goods are no longer used, except for children.

Gathered ruffles are much fuller than they have been of late, and are finished with a roll blind-stitched.

The striped imitation India shawl is used for traveling.

Trimming velvets are displayed in all the new shades. They range in price from $3 to $5 per yard.

It is now fashionable for brides to dress in colors.

Roman scarf sashes continue to be highly fashionable, and young ladies from Paris tell us they are all the rage.

GENTLEMEN'S FASHIONS.

Many gentlemen have pockets made in the sleeves of their overcoats, wherein a lady may keep her hand warm when walking arm-in-arm with them.

Overcoats are close sacques of moderate length, though for young men of fanciful tastes loose sacques are seen, with over-capes and flowing sleeves.

The latest neckties have a square knot, with long, wide ends.

Shirt-fronts are cut away on the lower sides, to give a better fit, and are made without pleats, but of two folds of linen with two or three cords stretched each side of the middle.

Silk hats have higher crowns than those of last season. The "Strauss," a hat of soft gray or black felt, with high crown and close rolling brim, is a favorite.

Cuffs are deep and full, and are cut away at the corners.

Two and three-buttoned gloves for gentlemen is the latest encroachment on ladies' fashions.

Vest buttons of a dark blue stone, or of carved coral, are ugly novelties.

Frothingham's Views of Hell.

Rev. O. B. Frothingham preached to the Independent Society of New York, last Sunday morning, on "Visions of Judgment." The argument of the speaker was intended to show that the old notions about heaven and hell, such as obtained with the preachers before the time of Luther, were false, and had been proven to be so, as far as human faith and belief are concerned, by their failure to produce any lasting effect on the minds of the most enlightened people. These old theories, the speaker said, were adopted by the preachers of old because they seemed the most plausible in the eyes of people who believed absolutely in a place of eternal torture. The simplest persons knew that pain was the most natural kind of punishment for evil, and pleasure the most natural reward for goodness. The Christian leaders therefore had pictures made claiming to represent the horrible tortures endured by the wicked after entering upon eternity, and other pictures purporting to represent the blissful joys which awaited the arrival of the good spirits. These pictures, especially the first kind, were always before the eyes of the poor pilgrim. They were hung in the porches of churches, stuck up on the walls, and they even met the eyes of travelers as they crossed over bridges. These pictures were the productions of the most frightful dreams and horrible imaginations. They represented the condemned spirits as falling into dark and bottomless pits, as burning over the fire, but never burning up; as standing naked in the midst of a shower of hot hail, and as being eaten up by loathsome reptiles. Every nation had its ideal picture of hell. Some were worse than others. Most of them were hot burning places; while those of the Egyptians and Greeks were, on the contrary, very frigid. The idea that heaven, as represented in the pictures, was a place of constant pleasure, such as the best amusements ever enjoyed on earth, only exaggerated by the use of bright colors, beautiful forms, &c. The preaching of these doctrines undoubtedly had some effect on the people of those days, but nothing like the effect it should have produced had the people really believed what was told them. The preachers continue to-day to talk about a place of eternal punishment and torture for all who do not follow the path pointed out by them, but how many believe them? If to-morrow it were known that all the drunkards, all the prostitutes and all the prostitute-makers would be taken into the public square and there whipped there would be but a small number of such persons to be found to-morrow. But the preachers were telling the drunkards and all other vicious and wicked persons that in a short time they were going to enter upon an eternal term of punishment, and still to-morrow brings as many wicked people as the day before. All the visions of judgment were wrong. The true judgment was that which comes every day.

GRANITE is cheap in Maine. Three quarries in the town of St. George, owned by the State, have just been sold, one for $1,025, another for $85, and a third for $15.

Hides.

It will interest many farmers to learn how the dealers classify and describe hides, and will at least enable them better to comprehend market reports of this commodity and often to form a more intelligent opinion of the value of the hides they sell from time to time. They are classified as follows:

"Green hides are those which are sent in just as they come from the animal, never having been salted.

"Part cured are hides that have been salted, but not long enough to be thoroughly cured.

"Green salted are those that have been salted and are thoroughly cured. To cure a hide thoroughly will require from twelve to twenty days, according to the thickness of the hide and the temperature of the weather. The loss of weight from the green state is from 12 to 20 per cent.

"Dry flint is a thoroughly dry hide that has not been salted.

"Dry salted is a thoroughly dry hide, having been salted while green.

"In green salted hides and skins, those weighing less than 8 lbs. are called deacons; 8 to 15 lbs., calf; 15 to 35 lbs., if plump, kip, but if thin and poor they are called runners, or murrains, and are sold at the price of *hides;* all above 25 lbs. are called hides.

"A green salted hide is understood to be thoroughly cured, free from salt, dirt, meat, horns, tail, bones and sinews, and before being weighed all such substances are removed, or a proper deduction is made from the weight, and when the head skin hangs to the hide by a narrow strip, it is cut off before weighing.

"All bull, stag, tainted, cut, badly scarred, grubby (having more than four grub holes) or murrain hides are called damaged, and go at two-thirds price, unless they are very badly damaged, when they are classed as glue stock, at a much lower price.

"A deduction of 10 per cent. is made on all branded hides.

"In dry hides there are other kinds of damaged, such as moth-eaten, sunburnt or weather-beaten.

"It is generally conceded by farmers and hide dealers that over one third of the value of all the hides taken off in the Northwest is lost by careless skinning and curing.

"As a large proportion of the hides received are green salted, the price that they bring, as a rule, is made the standard for the price of all other kinds."

Fattening Cattle Quickly or Slowly.

There appears no room for questioning the fact that an animal fattened quickly makes finer eating than an animal which has been fattened slowly, or which has remained fat for some time. The meat in such cases is sweeter and juicier, but whether it possesses any more nutriment is not quite so clear. There are many people who have had the privilege of partaking of the flesh of prize animals, which had been maintained in high condition for a long time, and they have generally reported the flesh as hard and tough; and probably they did not judge it as harshly as they would have done had they purchased the same "cut" from the nearest butcher's stall.

Aside from the matter of quality, there is a question of economy which is well worth considering. An animal requires a certain amount of food daily to sustain life and supply heat and waste of tissues. It is only the excess of food over these requirements of nature which goes to make fat or increase flesh. A great deal more food will be required to make one hundred pounds' increase in the weight of an animal, if thirty days are taken for it, than if the feeding operations are confined to twenty days, and so on. There is where many make a grave mistake. Animals in course of preparation for the shambles should not be stinted in feed. They should be fed on all they will eat and assimilate properly. And the more an animal will eat and properly assimilate in a given time, the more profitable he will be for feeding purposes, other things being equal. The money in feeding is all made by "fencing" animals to the utmost, whenever their preparation for the shambles has been once undertaken.—*Live Stock Journal.*

Lighting a Fire.

Many persons have often noticed the extreme difficulty encountered in lightning the fire in a stove, especially in a still, damp morning. The stove at first won't draw; even vigorous "blowing" will not suffice; and then when it does start, it is with a sort of an explosion or outward rush of air, which fills the room with smoke and gas, oftentimes puffing the unpleasant fumes in the face of the operator. The trouble is caused by the difficulty encountered in overcoming the inertia of the long column of air in the pipe or chimney, by the small column of air, that can be forced up through the interstices of wood and coal, at the bottom of which the fire is kindled. All this may be remedied by simply putting a few shavings or bits of dry paper on the top of the wood or coal, and first lighting that; it immediately bursts into a blaze, because the air has perfectly free access to it from all sides, the heated air forces its way into the chimney, and establishes there an upward current. The match can then be applied to the kindling under the fuel which will readily light, and if dry, burst into a brisk blaze.—*Am. Rural Home.*

Balky Horses.

It is not really well to whip or kick or scold a balky horse. One of the best modes is to feed him where he stands with an accessible food. Forgetting his whim, he will generally start without trouble. Another good way is to do something not harmful but new; as filling his mouth with loose dirt, which a desire to get rid of will divert his thoughts, and before he knows it he will be jogging unconsciously along. We have often seen this done with more satisfactory success. Sometimes, if one can spare the day, it is best to wait, till from weariness and hunger the animal submits to your will, and the triumph, in this instance, is generally complete.—*Journal of the Farm.*

Dried Apple Pies.

I loathe! abhor! detest! despise!
Abominate dried apple pies;
I like good bread, I like good meat,
Or anything that's fit to eat;
But of all the grub beneath the skies,
The poorest is dried apple pies.
Give me a toothache or sore eyes,
In preference to such kind of pies.

The farmer takes his smallest fruit,
'Tis wormy, bitter, and hard to boot;
They leave the hull to make us cough,
And don't take half the pealing off.
Then on a dirty cord they're strung,
And from some chamber window hung;
And there they serve a roost for flies
Until they're ready to be made into pies.
Tread on my corns, or tell me lies,
But don't pass me dried apple pies.

Varieties.

BYRON eulogized a cigar.

COWPER versified a canary.

HOMER wrote epics on frogs.

POPE twanged his lyre about a lady's fan.

WHEN is a young lady very like a whale? When she's pouting.

WHAT fruit does a newly-married couple mostly resemble? A green pear

THE most popular visitor to the printing office just now is the "man who shuts the door."

A TRAVELER who has just returned from England says the first thing he missed on arriving in London was his shadow.

A TERRE HAUTE girl exclaimed, when she saw a Thomas feline elevate his back: "Oh! wouldn't he make a lovely bustle?"

SIR THOMAS BROWN says: "Sleep is death's younger brother, and so like him that I never dare trust him without saying my prayers."

"COME, go to bed, Freddie; you see it is sundown, and the little chickens all go to roost at that time." "Yes, mamma, but the old hen goes with them."

A PUPIL in one of the public schools recently revised an old saying found in his grammar, as follows: "It is better to give than to receive—a good licking."

"OH, my dear, there is a most lovely set—pin, earrings, and sleeve-buttons! Do go buy them!" "Yes, my dear, I mean to go by them as fast as possible!"

"HOW DOES that look, eh?" said a big-fisted Wall-street man to a friend, holding up one of his brawny hands. "That," said the friend, "looks as though you'd gone short on your soap"

A YOUNG man who went West from Danbury, a few months ago, has sent one letter home. It came Friday. It said: "*Send me a wig.*" And his fond parents don't know whether he is scalped or married.—*Danbury News.*

"VARIETY weddings" have been introduced into Rhode Island. They take the place of wooden, tin, or crystal weddings, the happy couple receiving a variety of presents instead of having them all of one material.

"HOW LIKE its father it is!" exclaimed the nurse on the occasion of the christening of a babe, whose father, who was over seventy, had married a young wife. "Very like," replied a satirical lady; "it hasn't a tooth in its head!"

THE Tituville *Press* says: "There is one young lady in town who ate oysters all through the month of August when she could get them, under the supposition that there was an "r" in that month." "Orgust" was the way she spelled it.

THE father of a boy whose veracity is not so marked as his back, asked the teacher why it was his son didn't have as better acquaintance with figures, and was considerably electrified when the teacher tenderly observed, "I really don't know, unless it is because figures would not lie."

THE Evansville *Journal* says: It appears to be the style for ladies to wear exaggerated neckties around their waists with the bow dangling down the skirt. A little boy seeing one of these arrangements on Main street yesterday called out to the wearer: "Say, mum, yer sursingle's comin off!" A scornful look was his only reward.

SOME one was talking to Thackeray of a certain gentleman's strange addiction to beer. "It's a great pity," said he, "that he does not keep a check rein on himself, for he is a marvelous fellow otherwise—I mean for talent. I hardly know his equal." "Yes," retorted Thackeray, "take him for half-and-half, we ne'er shall look upon his like again."

A YOUNG man from Kentucky, who undertook to open a country store in the mountains of East Tennessee, came to speedy ruin because he was "too nippy" for that region. He wore a stove-pipe hat, had his boots blacked every day, and mounted a fresh paper collar every morning, all of which served to disgust the natives, who said he put on too much Kentucky blue-grass society style for them.

A STABLE-BOY, well-known in Love Lane, Brooklyn, went to his employer last Thursday and after blowing a number of sonorous blasts on his nasal bugle to indicate that he had a severe cold in the head, exclaimed: "By golly, boss, dis chile can't go near de hosses no more. I believe now, for de Lor', I'se got de hoss disease!" "Jake, you're a fool!" exclaimed his employer. "Asses are not subject to that disorder."

What it Costs to Use Tobacco.

The man who spends thirty cents per day for cigars, will spend in forty years, at the rate, $4,380. And that young man that spends fifty cents per day for unnecessary cigars will spend in forty years, at the rate, $7,300. Again, the man who spends fifty cents per week for chewing tobacco, will spend in forty years, at that rate, $1,040. Imagine a family of six, the father, mother, and two of the boys use tobacco, each using thirty cents' worth per week. They will spend in forty years, at that rate, $2,496. That loaned at ten per cent. interest would in forty years—adding the interest to the principal—mount to $9,984, when, probably, at that time, when they persist in smoking, they will live in poverty and privation of more necessary and enjoyable things than tobacco.